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345,468 WORLDS
PER DAY.

UNIMPEACHABLE TESTIMONY.

May 7th, 1889.
After a thorough examination of the circulation books, Press and Mail Room Reports and Newsletters Accounts of the NEW YORK WORLD, also the returned bills from various Paper Companies which supply the NEW YORK WORLD, as well as the 12th Street News Company, we have the honor to certify that there were printed and actually circulated during the month of May, 1889, a total of TEN MILLION SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY (10,709,520) COMPLETE COPIES OF THE WORLD.

W. A. CAMP, Manager N. Y. Evening World.
J. B. BALDWIN, President American Loan and T. Co.
THOMAS L. JAMES, President Lincoln National Bank.

A SIMPLE PROBLEM.

31 10,709,520 345,468

Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily during the month of May last was

345,468.

Average Number of WORLDS Printed Daily during the last 30 days was

342,206.

LET THERE BE DARKNESS.

How long must this horror go on? How many innocent, honest, helpless men must be tortured to death before the law shall be fulfilled? How long shall crowds of people, with blanched faces and sick hearts, stand in the city streets watching men fried and skinned alive upon the electric gridirons in mid-air? Is New York one great inquisition chamber?

The sight which for an hour yesterday held before thousands of eyes at the corner of Chambers and Centre streets was a horrible emphasis of Mayor GRANT's ringing edict delivered the day previous to the electric light companies. It was the nauseating, blood-curdling climax to a long series of what have been politely termed "accidents." They are nothing of the kind. They are crimes—crimes against the law, crimes against humanity, crimes whose perpetrators have gone on committing them in the face of incessant warning.

What was the motive? Gain. Who are the guilty ones? The officers of the electric light companies, who to save the paltry cost of compliance with the law, have ignored the notices served upon them that they were in constant violation of it. They have been bold and brazen in their neglect, and who is paying the penalty? Not they.

Whose lives and whose sufferings have been given in exchange for their nasty game? Not theirs.

There is no excuse these men can offer. To shunt from their own shoulders the burden of this awful responsibility they have set up the cry that the subways are not ready.

When we think of the sufferings of yesterday's victims, and of the seven who have preceded him within a little while, such pleading is pitiful. If the subways are not ready, let us have darkness rather than this death carnival. These corporations have fattened long enough in violation of the law.

Let the Mayor put a stop to it. The people of New York will hold up his hands and speed him in his work, though they grope in so dark darkness for a twelvemonth.

The law forbids overhead wires. Stop the currents and down with them. Somebody is guilty of yesterday's tragedy—guilty as though he had slain the unfortunate himself. Who is it?

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.

A California Indian, out of regard for his sick brother, shot and killed a no-account medicine man who, while attending the patient and putting in his bill with great untidiness, failed to effect a cure.

If that summary custom should spread Eastward, what a clearing out there would be in all the schools of pill-mixers. It would stop the wrangling of the "patiens" in a hurry, and the chances are, save ten lives for every one it took.

THE UNPAID REPORT.

Now, when every voice in Virginia is crying "Down with MAHON," and every heart in Virginia is full of hope that the Boss may be deposed, there is a clanking and clanking. The Republican engine of boodle, enervated by so many forlorn hopes, has been ordered thither by President BEN and is being unlimbered, and QUAY is in command. Fate may smile yet on BRILL MAHON, as HARRISON has done.

We have heard in some aud story of the Amb's desert steed, of the charger as he rode which the Crusader rode to the holy wars and of feet horse of the plains dashing

along like a sunbeam with a whooping Aborigine across his back.
Put away all those poeasies. We live in an age of dollars and sense, and the trotter Astor is the greatest horse ever foaled.
He brought \$105,000 yesterday.

The gas reservoir of Republican campaign orators in Ohio has collapsed in a night. MURAT HALSTEAD has withdrawn his charges against the Democratic candidate, and admits that in pronouncing them he went off half primed.

MURAT has been groggy ever since that Senatorial cross-counter in the Berlin business. The Republicans of Ohio will be content to have him stand off in his corner and spar for wind.

Just to think that he should need it.

BARNUM called for England to-day with his big show. Dollars to doughnuts he has the Prince of Wales trying to ride the trickmule, and Queen VICTORIA playing fat lady on a platform in the museum of wonders, within a week after he lands. These foreign potentates want to lie low while PRINCEAS is in their midst.

A Detroit jury, investigating corruption in the City Council, subpoenaed four judges of the Circuit Court. In the West a man in ermine is a man just the same. That is, if he be a man.

British miners in national conference are crying for an eight-hour day. There are American miners no further West than Illinois who will not ask for shorter days if they can get enough for themselves and families to eat.

BOULANGER says he was willing to suffer defeat to save France from a revolution. Now France is rather partial to revolution, but she was not willing to swallow BOULANGER again, even for the sake of having one.

SPOTLIGHTS.

A blue law has been resurrected which may close all the Boston bars. It is suspected that this is a part of the anti-Sullivan-for-Congress movement.

So Maryland politicians fought their duel with fists and the winner was a state that smashed his opponent's face.

The fourteen good shots of the Squirrel Club, of Galway, Saratoga County, have just slaughtered over 8,000 of the innocents at their annual hunt.

The czar was interested in the photograph, but was careful not to fill it with explosive remarks.

Mr. Stewart, of Harlem, has a brass ring, a plated watch and the medals of a valuable game man, all in place of his own valuables. The exchange was effected under cover of the swindler's loquacity.

Saratoga County's new condemnation is, "Why didn't they?" The old one was a query whether the Grand Jury, then in session, would indict the rambling-house men at the Springs.

Though not from every trouble free, at least we're free from some. The New York World has a new motto: "The New York World is a free press." The New York World is a free press.

A Canadian jury has disagreed in the case of a woman who wanted \$40,000 from her father-in-law on the claim that he had seduced her. He has been found guilty of seduction.

Pierre (St. Dak.) lots were sold by moonlight recently. Real estate booms are often moonshiny.

ATHLETES IN REPOSE.

E. C. Carter, the official handicapper of the A. A. U., is quite a boxer. He has also a strong passion for game chickens, and has many fine specimens of game fowl at his Jersey farm.

C. T. Wiegand, who won the Eastern States Championships at the hurdles recently, is an adept at billiards, of which he is very fond.

"Billy" Roberts, of the Brooklyn Athletic Club, is a boxer. He has also a strong passion for game chickens, and has many fine specimens of game fowl at his Jersey farm.

Tommy Connelley is a considerable journalist. He was formerly on the staff of the Dublin Star. He is also the author of a series of articles on athletic training which attracted much attention. He has been in business constantly in a downtown office since the second day he landed on these shores.

W. De Forrest Bostwick, the official reporter at the athletic games of the M. A. C., is much liked by the newspaper boys. He is an admirer of boxing and nearly sport of all kinds.

FASHION'S FOIBLES.

Miss Marion Edson, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the famous inventor, is a slight, slender, graceful girl, with bright brown eyes and auburn hair. Her manners are beautiful, and she has the air and bearing of a mature woman. For the last two years she has been studying in Paris. She speaks four languages, is a very fair musician, and uses a pencil like a draughtsman. She received her first training from a governess, special teachers were afterwards secured to instruct her in the rudiments, and as a result there is not a trace of the maudlin in her manner or her action.

The queen of Bohemia who dote on receiving in the half light that beauty some eyes or a look of the drawing-room, tinge their ears, lips and eyelids with maroon red rouge. The effect is quiet Oriental and correspondingly bewitching.

Only the girl with the Daphne head and Corinthian complexion can wear the "pale pink" of fashion. A serpentine necklace is the jewel for a woman with the eyes of a stilet.

POLITICAL ECNCES.

John C. Dodd, who essayed to be the leader of the reorganized Fifth District Republicans, fell under the displeasure of Mr. Theodore Allen, and as a result is "outside the broadwork." The primary in that district was held last night, and Allen swept all before him and installed Audley J. Mooney as the centennial leader.

It is asserted that Col. John Wesley Jacobs has been assured that he will succeed Gen. Martin T. McMahon as United States Marshal, on the expiration of the latter's term of office next December.

As was predicted by THE EVENING WORLD, the brewers have declared in favor of retaining Senator Charles A. McNulty from the Ninth district, and the canvass of Assemblyman Edward Barker Hagen for the seat is rendered so much more difficult.

Tammany Hall delegates to the several nominating conventions were elected last evening without a hitch in the working of the well-regulated machine.

WORLDLINGS.

Mr. H. L. W. Lawson, editor of the London Free Press, is a fine-looking man, smooth shaven and apparently not much more than thirty years of age. In addition to his editorial duties he is a member of Parliament.

Mrs. Leland Stanford is said to have the most valuable private collection of diamonds in the world. One of the necklaces is worth \$800,000.

The richest woman in Wisconsin is Mrs. Alexander Mitchell, whose husband left her an estate worth many millions. She is the widow of an late President of the Milwaukee and St. Paul road.

HUNTING STORIES.

A Great Opportunity for Volaries of the Gun.

Gold Double Eagle Offered for the Best Hunting Story.

Judge Gildersleeve Will Award the Prize.

Another of "The Evening World's" Timely and Popular Contests.

THE EVENING WORLD hereby opens a hunting contest as a timely and interesting feature. The best story created a great deal of interest, and tales of adventure with dog and gun will prove to be entertaining. The prize—a double gold eagle—will be given for the best hunting story submitted.

Judge Henry A. Gildersleeve, who is a great hunter himself, has consented to act as judge and award the prize.

They may be as short as the authors desire, but must not exceed 200 words in length. The most interesting of the contributions will be published. All competitors should address, Hunting Story Contest, THE EVENING WORLD, New York City. This is a great opportunity for the story-telling story of Nimrod.

A YANKEE SCHOOLMARM'S SUCCESS.

She Saved All Her Earnings and Invested Them in Paying Real Estate.

Miss Ida Stowell, the lady who sold the southeast corner of Robert and Fifth streets last week for \$120,000, furnishes a striking example of "the woman in real estate," says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. She is one of the few ladies who within the last few years have made large sums of money in the Northwest by operating in lots and lands.

She came to this city from the East several years ago and obtained a position as teacher in one of the public schools at a salary which was as usually paid for such services. Having a keen business instinct, she invested her savings judiciously in real estate, beginning in a small way and turning over her money whenever she saw a good opportunity.

It is said that she came to this city from the East several years ago and obtained a position as teacher in one of the public schools at a salary which was as usually paid for such services. Having a keen business instinct, she invested her savings judiciously in real estate, beginning in a small way and turning over her money whenever she saw a good opportunity.

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PARIS'S LATEST LION.

Mlle. Augusta Holmes Now the Latest Lion of Paris.

The lion of the present hour at Paris, says a Paris letter to the Entomological Press, is Mlle. Augusta Holmes, the composer of the "Triumphal Ode," which was recently rendered in that vast building, the Palais de l'Industrie, with 1,200 performers, 800 of whom were instrumental, before an audience of 20,000.

The municipal government and the Exposition authorities voted \$60,000 expenses to get up the entertainment, not a cent of which went to the author, who gave her services gratuitously.

Mlle. Holmes, who was born in France of Irish parents, and naturalized after the war of 1870, is also the author of several other celebrated works, such as "Luceia," "Argentine," and "Ireland Pro Patria."

The "Triumphal Ode" illustrates in music and verse the national glories and resources of France, the success of the Exposition, magnifies the Republic and hints openly at the recovery of the lost provinces.

It has been told of her that she has been leading up to it, somewhat a ter the engravings of the Fete de la Federation. M. Colonne directed the band and chorus.

LOUISVILLE'S QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

She Shows Her Good Taste and Common Sense by Making Her Own Dress.

The queenly beauty of Miss Barbour Bruce on the night of the carnival is still, and will be for some time, says the Louisville Post, the subject of conversation, but there is one thing not yet told which reflects great credit upon her.

The gown she wore is said to be the finest conception of its kind ever seen here; original, striking, rich and most appropriate for the occasion. It is a masterpiece of dressmaking, and the subject of much admiration.

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HIS WIFE HELPS HIM.

Blacksmith Holman's Wife Helps Him at the Forge and Wins a Ledger-Header.

One of the most interesting couples in Talbot County are Mr. and Mrs. Holman, who live in the southeast corner of the county, near Howard, says the Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Mr. Holman is engaged at present as a farmer and blacksmith, and his wife is a striker his wife faces him at the anvil and wields the sledge-hammer.

The question of the mole didn't affect me as the intended, and I was suspicious of her goods before I saw them. She took us into what she called the laboratory. It was a dirty, dark room, about fifty feet long, in the rear end of which a small boy was plying his trade.

For the first time I saw the preparations for the unwary purchasers. In the rear window was a table covered with one and a half dozen of chairs, and two young girls on whom the goods are tried. The whitewashed madame opened a little stone jar, dipped into the contents the blade of an artist's knife, and brought out as much clear-like powder as the tip would hold.

She pushed the little girl to her side and pushed the powder on her nose, and then she took down the smooth, round arm, and with the remark, "Now I will show you what it will do," she dropped the powder on it, and dipped the blade of the knife in the water, and began to wipe the stuff over a space about the size of a dime.

For about five minutes she waited to let the "deplaitory" powder dry, and while she waited she talked like a circus.

"All you need is the powder. Apply it as I did," she said, "and you can remove every hair from your arm and face and hand, if you will only take the time."

"And will it grow again?" I asked.

"Oh, no."

"Then don't you sell it to the men and drive all the barbers out of the country?" It is certainly a quicker process than shaving.

"Yes; but you see the hair on a man's face is too ugly to be taken off with the depilatory."

"But the hair on a boy's face is not ugly, and if you say, any application is sufficient, you could make a fortune on college chaps alone."

"But a man's vanity is partly lodged in his

CLARA BELLE LETTER

The Lady Cashier Carefully Pictured and Analyzed.

Some Echoes From the Interior of a Beauty Shop.

Gray Hair Very Fashionable and Surprisingly Expensive.

New York, Oct. 12.

Twenty years ago when you wanted to see the "lady cashier" you had to go to Europe. That is written on the authority of a middle-aged man. My recollection runs not so far back. Our girls were very nice and exclusive then. But, as that similarly observing Roman author so aptly remarked, "times change," and here we are, before the experiment is fairly of age, so to speak, with as many lady cashiers as there are in the city of Paris.

At least I think there are as many; for although there is not a wine shop or cafe in the French capital which is unattended with one of these highly interesting objects of decoration and use, still the Parisian public continues to exist without lady cashiers. There are enormous numbers of these business with us, a lady cashier going to each fountain, swells the domestic aggregation of lady cashiers to incalculable proportions.

The finest lady-water fountains and the finest lady-water lady cashiers in New York are crowded, within a comparatively small area about the City Hall square. There are wonderful places in the shopping-districts, uptown, of course, but in point of size and magnificence the downtown fountains are unparalleled, and the lady cashiers, who handle their enormous revenues, are unapproachably more distinguished than the best specimens that Sixth Avenue and Upper Broadway afford.

I sat half an hour on a velvet yesterday, and studied one of the specimens.

I use the word "distinguished" advisedly, as the lawyers say of a hard name when they want to rub it in. Nearly all lady cashiers are beautiful, but when it comes to language, bearing, facial expression and all that, there are lady cashiers who are really distinguished.

Gray hair lady cashiers—I may use the somewhat clumsy term for the purpose of local differentiation—have haunter, a London accent and manicured finger-nails. They are duchesses, every one, in all that is concerned with outward form. I do not think that they are really English.

They are so remarkable, pretty, but their breeding has been smoothed down to the most unmistakable and the top-tipt English line.

It is quite terrible for a diffident man to be obliged to pass in the price of a glass of soda water to them as they sit so wonderfully and awfully in their splendid wicker-work cages. It seems so bold, so vulgarly intrusive and offensive, to have a nickel downed upon the glass plate before them and the mean little thing to be done to their loveliness and privacy, I suspect that many a poor devil has given up his soda-water drinking through sheer lack of courage to face the terrors of this sort of thing.

Do you not know, oh, diffident man reader, precisely the sensation? Have you not felt the same feeling when you have stood before the soda-water lady cashier and handed in your five-cent piece? To see her behind her vase of deep red roses calmly reading a novel printed in large type in a broad, pure margin; to behold her attention distracted by the base click of your paltry coin; to suffer the slow, contemptuous and deliberate manner in which she takes the money and the somewhat capricious dig behind it; to hear the deliberate music of her hand as she wearily lifts her hand; to see her own eyes, taper, perfectly cared for finger-dewdrops and fearfully upon the money, as though it had the small-pox, and send it with a quick, sharp dip into the drawer; and then to observe her renew her hand to without even so much as a glance at your own interesting face—do you know anything, oh, diffident reader, that has ever sent you down further and with a colder and more hopeless humiliation into your boots? And you remember your mustache with feverish zeal all the while, in order that when the proud and peerless creature looked you over she might discover no froth upon it!

A BEAUTY SHOP.

But for curious commercial ladies you need to go, as a friend and I did, to one who keeps a beauty shop, and owns money from the sale of her hair restorers, freckle lotions and bloom of youth powders. She was slim, tall and young, with bleached hair, a complexion done up in arsenic, a pair of corners tight enough to squeeze her respiratory organs, and a mole on her left cheek from which a tiny bunch of hairs sprouted in harmless luxuriance. Oh, yes; she could remove unsightly hairs without pain or difficulty.

"But why don't you remove the hair from the mole on your face?" I asked.

"Oh, I could remove it enough," she replied; "but don't you know it's bad luck? My mother was bitten by her finger nail. Why, I couldn't be induced to remove those hairs. I wouldn't dare touch them. But you see there is no hair on my lip, or about my temples and side face, as there is on yours. If there was I should have it taken off at once."

The question about the mole didn't affect me as the intended, and I was suspicious of her goods before I saw them. She took us into what she called the laboratory. It was a dirty, dark room, about fifty feet long, in the rear end of which a small boy was plying his trade.

For the first time I saw the preparations for the unwary purchasers. In the rear window was a table covered with one and a half dozen of chairs, and two young girls on whom the goods are tried. The whitewashed madame opened a little stone jar, dipped into the contents the blade of an artist's knife, and brought out as much clear-like powder as the tip would hold.

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"Then don't you sell it to the men and drive all the barbers out of the country?" It is certainly a quicker process than shaving.

"Yes; but you see the hair on a man's face is too ugly to be taken off with the depilatory."

"But the hair on a boy's face is not ugly, and if you say, any application is sufficient, you could make a fortune on college chaps alone."

"But a man's vanity is partly lodged in his

whiskers, and he shaves to make them grow, don't you see?"

"No; I don't see, because the average man has no whiskers. A mustache requires all his efforts."

However, when the powder dried it was scraped off with the blunt edge of the knife, and with it every particle of hair. Grace was delighted. She cheerfully handed out \$30 for a package.

"We sell two boxes for \$5," the madame said. "Do you want two?"

"Of course not," I ventured to dictate. "If one application will remove the hair permanently, she doesn't want to lay in a stock for nothing."

"But I thought perhaps you yourself might want a box."

"No, not to-day. I will wait and see how my friend succeeds."

That evening we tried the stuff on Grace and came near having a Sullivan and Kilrain encounter because she insisted on putting the stuff on her lip at once. It is bad enough as it is, but to invigorate the faint blonde mustache was something to be dreaded, and so, after much mouth and tongue athletics, Grace gave way to reason, bared her ankle, and we plastered it with the gray powder. The light hair came off when the stuff was removed, leaving about a dozen patches of vaccination-mark pattern on the shaven limb. It was agreed to give the white spots a week's rest, and if at the expiration of that time the hair did not grow out again the mustache was to be powdered, and the both come scolding looks about her neck and temples removed.

At the risk of giving herself a cold Grace lived much of the time with her left ankle on exhibition, and wore out a rubber garter snapping up through the skin and out into the air after the third day. In a week they had doubled in length. We flew back to the madame, showed the spot to her, demanded an explanation and the return of the three dollars, and she and the exo-are in court. With the anxiety of a French maid she offered to take back the goods, but said it would be wise to give a fair trial and comply with the directions on the box.

"You can't expect extermination at once," she said. "Repeat the treatment and continue the application for a week, until the roots of the hair will cease to grow."

Grilled to the last, we bolstered our faith, followed her advice, and to-day Grace has the most comical-looking ankle I ever saw on a mortal. The almost imperceptible hair came out of a sort of pale Titan red wherever the depilatory was applied; more than that, it came out a longish hair, while giving me the idea that the widow is literally tasselled over a space of six inches. It is needless to say that the delicate mustache will not be molested.

GRAY HAIR FASHIONABLE.

It was in another store that I heard the remark: "I'm sorry, madam, but it is impossible."

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"It is absolutely out of the question, madam."

A slender, rather fresh-faced young matron had left her carriage in front of a Fourteenth-street establishment where time ravages upon the beauty of the female face are repaired with neatness and celerity, and was discussing a certain matter warmly with the clerk in charge.

"But it would become me so much, don't you see?"

"Unquestionably it would, but it cannot be done."

"Are you sure of that? I saw Mrs. Brown yesterday with the loveliest gray hair I ever saw, and she is a day older than I am."

"She wore a wig."

"But it is true nevertheless," replied the clerk. "I know it because we made it here."

After the young matron had left the shop the clerk turned to the writer with a sigh of relief and observed:

"That is the tenth for this week."

"Tenth what?" I asked.

"Tenth miracle-worker. You have no idea of the cure there is for gray hair. Young women, especially those with fresh complexions, are absolutely wild about it. It gives to a face that is not striking a certain effect that must be seen to be appreciated. I don't wonder that the women all envy the owner of a fine head of gray hair."

But buying the hair is beyond the hand-dresser's art. We can make hair yellow as gold, red as copper, black as a raven's wing and brown as the coat of a deer in winter, but gray is out of our power. We can often make wigs of gray which would defy detection. You remember the late Matthew Arnold's visit to America? When he was in Washington he said, with his accustomed candor, that he had met there the handsomest woman in the world. She was the wife of ex-Senator Joseph A. McDonald, of Indiana.

Mr. McDonald is a slender woman, with flashing dark gray eyes, a complexion of peaches and cream, and has a wonderful head of whitish gray hair. She would be an ordinary looking woman were it not